achievements, which compose so fearfully large a portion of the matter of history; but when they have carried us through the thickest of the fight to the moment at which the shout of victory is raised by the one party, and the other party are seen fleeing before their victors,, they find it needful to let fall the curtain when our eyes are about to rest on the bodies of the dying and the dead. A walk over the field of battle a day or two after the conflict is closed, about the time when the carrion, scenting the battle now over, as the war-horse is said to scent it beforehand, begin to pay their visits, might serve to dissipate the illusions which the pomp and circumstance of war have gathered around all military exploits. A description of it, as it then presented itself, would be sufficient to affect every sensitive mind with sentiments of deepest disgust at war—as deep as that bodily emotion which is felt when the nostrils are saluted by the polluted atmosphere, and the eyes fall on the blood, now cold and clotted, which has streamed from the hearts of thousands, whose mangled remains lie exposed in the face of heaven, not a few of them with the fierce passions of war strongly marked on their countenances. Historians are not careful to tell us how the shout of triumph has often been answered back, and all but drowned, by the wailings of the wounded and dying. They describe the rejoicings and processions of the victorious nation, and the triumph given to their general; but they do not conduct us to the abodes of the widows who are mourning over husbands, who died with none to stanch their wounds or close their eyes, and orphans, all the more to be pitied because they are unconscious of the loss which they have sustained. The moralist must needs supply what the writers of the school of romance feel that they dare not describe without depriving their writings of half their charm, and must paint the miseries which

wars have generally brought in their train., in industry checked, in the arts neglected, in countries depopulated, in famine propagating itself in widening circles, and pestilence showing itself a more potent destroyer of men than the conqueror who boasts of the victory.

We are quite aware that such toil, such wars, nay, that such misery, are needful; and that if we could take them away, we would not better, but rather deteriorate, man's condition. We acknowledge that he would have been more wretched than he is.